Becauſe, my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor ſpeake, and timerouſly confeſſe
The manner, and the purpoſe of his treaſon,
That you might well haue ſignified the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. But my good Lord, your graces word ſhall ſerue
As well as I had ſeene or heard him ſpeake,
And doubt you not, right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious citizens,
With all your iuſt proceedings in this cauſe.
Glo. And to that end we wiſht your Lordſhip here
To auoyde the carping cenſures of the world.
Buc. But ſince you come too late of our intents,
Yet witneſſe what we did intend, and ſo my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, coſin Buckingham, *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt,
There at your meeteſt aduantage of the time,
Inferre the baſtardy of Edwards children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Cittizen,
Onely for ſaying he would make his ſonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeede) his houſe,
Which by the ſigne thereof was termed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beſtrall appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretched to theyr ſeruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his luſtfull eye, or ſauage heart
Without controll liſted to make his prey:
Nay for a needе thus farre, come neere my perſon,
Tell them, when that my mother went with childe
Of that vnſatiate Edward, noble Yorke
My princely father then had warres in Fraunce,
And by iuſt computation of the tyme
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this ſparingly as it were farre off,
Becauſe you know, my Lord, my mother liues.

Buc.

Buck. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade
Were for my ſelfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanyed,
Wyth reuerend fathers and well learned Biſhops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke look to heare
What news Guildhall affordeth, and ſo my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take ſome priuy order, *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brats of Clarence out of ſight,
And to giue notice, that no maner of perſon
At any tyme haue recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exit.*
Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.
This is the indictment of the good Lord Haſtings,
Which in a ſet hand fairely is engroſſt,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the ſequele hangs together,
Eleuen houres I ſpent to wryte it ouer,
For yeſternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The preſident was full as long a doyng,
And yet within theſe fiue houres liued Lord Haſtings,
Vntaynted, vnexamined, free, at liberty:
Heeres a good world, the while. Why whoes ſo groſſe
That ſees not this palpable deuice?
Yet whoes ſo blinde, but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to naught,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſene in thought. *Exit.*
Enter Gloceſter at one doore, Buckingham at another.
Glo. How now my Lord, what ſay the Cittizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum me, and ſpeake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the baſtardy of Edwards children?
Buck. I did, wyth the inſatiate greedineſſe of his deſires,
His tyranny for trifles, his owne baſtardy,
As beyng got, your father then in Fraunce:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Beyng the right Idea of your father,
Both in your forme and nobleneſſe of minde,

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